FORTUNES TOLD BY CRYSTAL.

THAT IS, THE OWNER INTERPRETS ITS WISDOM AT \$2 A CLIP.

Revival of an Old Notion With a Few Modern Frills Attached-It Catches the Fancy Too of New York Women, Who Anyway Have a Liking Even for \$2 Mystery

*There, is nothing new under the sun." quoth the wise man, and even the wiseacres to whom pasts are an open book and who make a specialty of forecasts admit it. So does the New York woman who yearns to have her fortune told, and there are many of her, for it has come to pass that some of the most successful seers in town have gone back to crystal gazing.

Not only is crystal gazing one of the most ancient ways of pulling aside the curtain that veils the is-to-be, but it is also one of the most satisfactory, if some people are to be believed. Be that as it may, the crystal is having its turn again-a very prosperous turn, too.

Most women are glad of it There is a touch of mysticism, of the uncanny, about the thing that raises the experience of having one's fortune told above the commonplace level reached by other methods. For the time being palmistry, physiognomy, astrology and card signs all take a back seat when confronted with the crystal. Such a hold, indeed, has this alluring bit of rock gained on the feminine affections that women of a highly imaginative and impressionable nature, some of whom went to scoff and remained to adore, are crystal reading, being assured by the seer that they possess to some extent the spirit

of divination. To be able to drag knowledge from crystal's limpid depths, to gain the power to probe deep down into its heart and read there one's future, is an accomplishment, these women feel, that is well worth trying for. Meanwhile, for those who can't afford the lessons, the seer goes ahead and does the reading and, it must be admitted, does it very well indeed, considering that according to his own statement he is handi-capped by the fact that crystals, like humans, have strong likes and dislikes humans, have strong likes and dislikes which they occasionally manifest by re-fusing to make even a try at unveiling the uture of a sitter.

future of a sitter.

When such an embarrassing situation occurs, the seer, who hasn't the heart to disappoint a customer nor incidentally to see \$2 diverted from his coffers, generally comes to the rescue by undertaking the rôle of prophet himself.

Another whim of the crystal, so it is said, is to refuse to talk at the sunset hour, and the same authority adds that crystals vary in their temperament. Some are

vary in their temperament. Some are grave and sedate, given over to consider-ing the great questions of life—such for instance as affect nations rather than individuals and deal with spiritual rather than material issues. A crystal of this superior brand seldom condescends to be bothered with questions purely personal. As most men and women-par-ticularly most women-who seek the aid of a seer are running over with questions of an intensely personal and material nature, it naturally follows that this type of crystal is less in demand than is another gayer temperament which takes an ive interest in Cupid's capers and in

of gayer temperament which takes an active interest in Cupid's capers and in matrimonial and business speculations of a thoroughly commonplace description.

One of the seers who is most in favor just now with the New York woman, and who is called "Doctor." includes in his outfit two crystals by which he sets great store. One of them, which is pure white and wonderfully transparent, added to its fame by prophesying—so it sowner declares—the loss fully transparent, added to its fame by prophesying—so its owner declares—the loss of the Bourgogne, the Windsor fire and other disasters, thereby saving the lives of several persons who had intended to sail by tne ill-fated steamer, but heeded the crystal's warning. This stone, which is the more valuable of the two, is only the several persons the more valuable of the two, is only the several persons to the several persons the several persons the several persons to the several persons the several per brought out when dignitaries are present or when questions of moment are to be

The other crystal, which is by far the more popular with the ladies, is of a yellow-white tint which stamps it as being of a more emotional if less intellectual order than its companion. Both are about the same shape and size—a perfect globe six is a perfect inches or so in diamater. When not in use the orystals are inclosed in cotton bags and securely fastened up by an intricate combination lock in a small safe. The doctor takes no chances of losing them.

Up-to-date crystaleomancy differs somewhat from that practised by the ancients. In the old days the operator muttered over the crystal a prescribed prayer and then gave it into the hands of a youth or maiden who read in it, sometimes in written characters, sometimes by images, the answers to the questions asked.

The New York seers have no assistant,

nor is any a very young man. The doctor, for instance, has white hair. And prayers are dispensed with.
On the other hand, the New York seer

introduces some formalities which the Orientals knew nothing about. Thus, when the more frivolous crystal (it is always the more frivolous crystal (it is always; the more frivolous one that is used if the candidate is a woman and not extremely aged) has been placed in the middle of a table directly under an oblong piece of crystal which is hooked to a cord that dangle from the celling, it is covered immediately with a thin bit of white muslin. After that, a second long cord, which ends in a small steel crossbar, is attached to the first cord, and the visitor, who is seated some distance from the table, is asked to remove her glove and grasp the steel bar. As soon as she takes it in her fingers the doctor steps to a plane and running his fingers over the to a piano and running his fingers over the keys announces that he has found her key note, her dominating note in music, which in turn indicates what her complementary

"Your key note." he announced the other day to a sitter, "is A minor, which means that ware can be nearly color is lilac."

"But," expostulated the woman, in a tone of derision, "I never wear lilac. It's not becoming to me."

"That makes no difference." calvirus

doctor was to read the crystal unless, in-deed, he had left a loop hole somewhere in the drapery on the side next him. But she was reassured by the seer, who just

at this point explained that the crystal talked to him.
"It's talking now," he went on, "and asks And then for several minutes he talked

along without a break giving the crystal's message to the woman, listening as she probably never had listened to anything before in her life. A crystal, by the way, never wastes any me pottering around among pasts. It

time pottering around among pasts. It deals mainly with futures, hence its communications are not likely to be long drawn out. In the case in point, the doctor had been speaking not more than three or four minutes when he came to a full stop and informed the woman who was hanging breathlessly on his words and who had confidently expected him to go on for half an how or so at least, that she might ask meetings.

said. As a proof of this every question she put was answered to the full, even as to how and how not, when and where to

invest her money.

Nevertheless, that ungrateful woman went off in something very like a huff, avowing her entire disbellef in orystals in g. neral and that very crystal in particular. The trouble was this. The last question put to the crystal was on the delicate subject of matrimony, and here was its answer.

"Avoid matrimony. Any matrimonial entanglement will be most disastrous to you."

YANKEE SARDINES.

A Maine Imitation That Has Almost Sup-

planted the Genuine Article. "It is a fact that can't be denied," said wholesale grocer, "that there are comparatively few imported sardines, and consequently few sardines at all, sold in this country nowadays, and yet not one consumer in a thousand knows the difference, so nearly do the fish sold for sardines approach the genuine, both in appearance and taste.

"Nine-tenths of our sardines come from Maine. There are in Eastport, Me., alone, two dozen or more places where the mock sardine is prepared and boxed, and there are many other at Lubec, Jonesport and

other towns of the Maine coast. "The business began as long ago as 1876. It was the conception of a couple of sharp and far-seeing New Yorkers. They began at Eastport, not as sardine packers-that was an after-thought-but in packing small herring in odd-shaped little wooden kegs, the pickle that preserved them being high with spices. These herring were placed on the market as 'Russian herring,' and for taking lessons at \$5 a lesson in the art of a long time their cheap and fraudulent fish was on the bills of fare of the swell restaurants of this city and elsewhere as the highest-priced relish they served.

"The enterprising New Yorkers made money fast in their venture, but they got the idea that there was more money still in modelling the herring after the sardines put up in France, although some shrewd Yankees had experimented extensively and used up no little capital years before in efforts to work out a similar idea to

practical results, but without success. "They had found it easy to cook the callow, Maine herring, pack it in olive oil in imitation sardine boxes with French labels in imitation of the labels on the imported sardines, and give them every appearance of the genuine imported article; but when this Yankee sardine went to the table, its fraudulent character became at once apparent. The soft, rich flavor of the imported sardine was not there, but only the unmistakable taste of the native her-

"The Maine experimenters could not dis-"The Maine experimenters could not discover any means by which the herring flavor could be replaced by that of the sardine, and the business ended in failure; but the smart New Yorkers after a few experiments of their own, hit upon a mixture or blend of spices and oils for a packing sauce that made a sardine of a herring in a twinkling. of spices and oils for a packing sauce that made a sardine of a herring in a twinkling, and a gigantic industry has sprung from that simple discovery. Not only are sar-dines made from common herring now, but from young sea trout, a little fish called the morance, and several other species or varieties of fish, all, perhaps, herring of a lesser or greater growth.

lesser or greater growth.

The herring, of which the Yankee sardines are made, are never more than four inches long, and the catching of them keeps hundreds of people busy along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick.

coast of Maine and New Brunswick.

The way they are handled at the factories is a sight worth going all the way to Maine to see. The fish are taken from the fisheries immediately to the factories. There they are piled in heaps on long tables, I have heard many a New York rustic boast of the facility with which he can skin a catfish, but if he could see some of the boys and girls who work in those sardine factories clean these herring he would never mention his skinning fish again. I watched a seven-year-old girl go through this a seven-year-old girl go through operation one day, and timed her. operation one day, and timed her. She beheaded and gutted seventy-five herring every minute for ten minutes, without a miss or a halt, and they told me there were hundreds more who could do the same thing and bear it we could

hundreds more who could do the same thing and keep it up all day. "New York is the great wholesale centre of the magnitude of the business may be had when I tell you that one factory alone in Lubec—and there are other factories doing quite as large a trade—has made and sold as high as 2,000,000 boxes of sardines in a year, besides the large quantities of sea trout and other brands of transformed

herring it disposed of." SHE DID DO IT HERSELF.

But Then the Amateur Contortionist Found That She Couldn't Undo It. BUFFALO, May 30 .- Pretty Laura Greenough of Rochester is visiting her cousin Nellie, of Elmwood, in this city. Young Mr. Finlay of Cleveland and his sister, Minnie,

are likewise visiting there. The circus exhibited here a few days ago, Young Mr. Finlay took the girls to see the show. In discussing the performance afterward, the young man expressed his amazement at the feats of a female con-

He was particularly amazed at the highly accomplished manner in which she twisted her foot around the back of her neck and made a cushion rest for her head out of her heel. The warmth with which he expressed his admiration for this act of the

lady contortionist seemed to nettle pretty Miss Greenough a little, and she turned up her nose and said: "Pshaw! That isn't anything to brag about! I can do it myself!"
Cousin Nellie and Miss Finlay screamed, and assured Miss Laura that she was perfactly awful; and your g Mr. Finlay laughed at her and pooh-poohed. But her Flour City sporting blood was up, and she turned to Mr. Finlay and said, in decided tones:
"I'll just bet you the price of a box of

of derision, "I never wear lilac. It's not becoming to me."

"That makes no difference," calmly rejoined the dector, moving as he spoke toward the table; "iliac is your lucky color. If you ever have a sore throat bind it up in a piece of lilac woollen material and there will be no need to send for a physician."

Looking only partly convinced, the listener sank back in her seat still clutching the bit of steel and watched the dector as he selected from a big pile of squares of color spread around the table a square of lilac silk and draped it over the crystal, which by this time was converted into a mound of dry goods—or so it looked from where she sat.

She was puzzled as to how on earth the dector was to read the crystal unless, indeed the dector was to read the crystal unless, indeed the distance of the from the room reached his ears for an official report of the result of the feat. Spasmodic bursts of mirth from the room reached his ears for an effect of the from the room reached his ears for an official report of the result of the feat. Spasmodic bursts of mirth from the room reached his ears for an effect of the feat. Spasmodic bursts of mirth from the room reached his ears for a few seconds. This was broken by

for a few seconds. This was broken by screams of laughter, exclamations of wonder and loud clapping of hands in the room.
"Blinked if I don't believe the little tar-

tar has won it," said young Mr. Finlay to Another period of painful silence fol-lowed the outburst of wonder and ap-plause. This was followed by a scream or two not prompted by mirth or wonder. Suddenly Cousin Nellie burst from the room and ran out, shouting in alarmed tones to her mother. Young Mr. Finlay

rose.

"Has she done it, Nellie?" he asked.

"Oh, Frank." Miss Nellie sobbed, "she has done it, but she can't undo it Please run for a doctor. And, oh, Frank! Get an old one." Fortunately a physician of forty years and more practice lived not far away. Young Mr. Finlay summoned him is a

an how or so at least, that she might ask questions

As may easily be imagined, she took advantage of the chance. And if a crystal has a specialty she soon discovered that it must be that of giving advice.

Of course, the woman never heard a ghost of a whisper from the crystal while she was in the room, but the doctor assured her that the silent understanding between himself and the lilac-draped stone had never been more satisfactory. There could be no doubt, either, but that the sitter had made a decided hit with the crystal, he

THE NECK MOULDED AT WILL.

THREE WAYS OF ADDING BEAUTY TO THE THROAT.

First, One Must Be Able to Turn the Head Freely This Way and That -- Next, Is the Matter of Holding it Just High Enough -The Neck's Shape Changed by Massage

Have you ever watched the motions of a

fourteen-year-old girl? Have you ever noticed how she turns her head this way and that, and how she darts out her chin, poises her head high, lowers it and makes a thousand quick little movements every minute of her life? Now, after you have watched the fourteen-year-old girl for a while just turn your attention to the motions of a woman of 30. And for this purpose select the conventional woman, the well-dressed woman, the lady of leisure.

If you look at her you will note at once that her throat is done up very tightly, and that when she turns her head she does so with an effort. She looks over her high stock at you, and seldom does she turn her chin more than an inch or two.

It is impossible for her to do so, for her head is held high by its neck dressings and her throat is swathed with silk and lace and stiffened by wire until it is far from being able to perform its natural duty, namely, that of turning the head freely and naturally.

You will note that the matron, if you will keep on studying her, makes a few motions with her head, but for the most part she turns it only by turning the whole body; and if she desires to look behind her, she turns from the waist line, keeping her neck and throat immovable.

The result is obvious. The throat of the fourteen-year-old girl is long and slender, but the throat of the matron is short and thick

The fourteen-year-old moves her neck and chin naturally, and so she keeps down the fat and keeps away the double chin, but the matron, with her neck in a high stock and her chin securely supported by braces of silk and wire, is not able to move her head freely, and the result is seen in the thickening of the neck, the stiffening of the throat and the doubling of the chin. Even with the tight, high lace stock there is much damage done.

The same rule holds true of any part of the body. If you keep the ankles wrapped up and do not exercise them they will soon accumulate fat. If you keep the waist tightly bound and do not exercise its muscles there will soon be rolls of fatty tissue around the waist, and the body, which is naturally slender and graceful, will be bulky and disagreeable to gaze upon.

With the throat it is even more apparent than with the rest of the body, because the neck is visible at all times, or partly visible, The rolls of fat, as they accumulate, are seen by everybody, and the woman who can conceal her waistband with a straight front and can hide her fat ankles under a long skirt is compelled to come forth into the broad daylight with her double chin and

her thick throat. There are women whose chins are doubled that they are compelled to wear men's collars, taking fifteen and sixteen inch bands to span the neck. There are others whose chins are so fat that they are compelled to wear a strip of ribbon around the threat. And still others can wear nothing except a tiny bit of lace. Heavy breathing is always heard in these

Of course all beauty is lost as soon a the face becomes so fat as this. For, with fat in the chin and throat, the face is square and the contour is lost and the oval all

forward to any such accumulation of fat, but it is not too early for her to begin to quard against it. She must remember that. once upon a time, the fat woman, the woman with four chins, was a summer girl herself, and that the plumpness came upon her slowly, almost imperceptibly, but none the less surely and steadily.

If the summer girl would keep away fat and make her throat more slender, she must get at work upon it. She must not wait until the first roll of fat sppears; when she looks into the glass she should see several

First, she should behold a neck that is white and smooth, with every bone covered. The neck should be plump, but not fat by

any means. Its bollows should be all filled out, but there should be no rolls of flesh. The fat neck is a disagreeable thing, and, rather than have a neck entirely filled out, one should cultivate a chest with a few hollows, for hollows, the artist will tell you, are much more interesting than fat.

As for the throat, it should be slender long and almost round. A perfect throat is like a column supporting the head steadily.

stexilly.

There are throats that seem to be struggling to hold up the head, and at the back of the neck there is an impression as though the head were too heavy for the neck which

supports it.

There are a few women, so richly endowed by nature with a nice neck and throat, that it is not necessary to take beauty exercises. But, for the most part, the neck is faulty, and to make it perfect any most work upon it.

the neck is faulty, and to make it perfect one must work upon it.

There are three ways of cultivating the neck, as the work of beautifying the throat is called. The first and most important one is that of exercise.

Unless you can hold your head erect, can turn your chin freely this way and that; can throw back your head so as to look at the ceiling, you will not have a supple neck.

The next important move in neck culture is learning the proper carriage of the head. The head should be held up at all times; and as soon as you get in the habit of holding up your head, just so soon will you add 50 per cent. to your good looks.

By holding up the chin is not meant the habit of ducking the chin forward in goose fashion, nor that of holding up the head high and pressing the chin down into the throat, but the little trick of holding it just

high and pressing the chin down into the throat, but the little trick of holding it just high enough.

To learn to hold up the head properly it is a good thing to study the portraits of famous beauties and to note how exquisitely they have learned to polse the head. The chin is held so well out that it makes one long beautiful curve, right from the hollow in the throat to the very tip of the chin. And, if you will study the successful women of the stage, the stage beauties, you will see how they universally hold up the chin.

A plain woman often becomes charming simply by the trick of lifting the head, and a pretty one becomes irresistible. Try

pleted product in as pretty a shape as you please.

The present standard of feminine beauty

shows a very long throat, longer even than the classics require, and more slen-der even than is seen in the famous old bits of statuary which stand in every house THE SUMMER GIRL.

as a guide to feminine beauty.

To get this long throat requires a great deal of patience and plenty of hard work, for the long throat does not grow on every human form, and the woman whose neck is short, whose throat is dumpy, whose chin seems about to sink into another chin and still enother will see the work for Among sports for the summer girl this

and still another, will have to work for three months to get her neck into shape. But she can treat it with creams and lotions and she can keep on until the color is correct, meanwhile working upon the shape. For a neck bleach she can take a year is falconry. It is a splendid pastime or the young woman in need of physical fresh, ripe cucumber and cut it in long strips, laying the strips around the neck so that the juice will coze out and dry on. This makes a very nice, harmless neck Lemon juice is effective, but it has a way

Lemon juice is effective, but it has a way of not agreeing with every skin and, like glycerine, it is sometimes a high irritant, requiring applications of cold cream to keep the skin from roughing up.

A bleach cream is made by taking mutton tallow and olive oil in equal parts and adding three drops of oil of rose geranium, to an ounce of the completed cream. To use this to best advantage melt a tablesspoon of it in a saucer, add a half teaspoon of bran, stir until thick and cool and spread superfluous flesh the sport is the

of bran, stir until thick and cool and spread upon the skin like a poultice.

This is very good for whitening the hands as well as the neck, while for freckles it is a sovereign balm, bleaching them until they are a pale vellow, and curing a little rough spot which a freckle leaves on the skin.

skin.

The summer girl can keep her neck free from the creases made by the stock if she will go over it every night with a very little skin food, washing it off in the morning with hot water and plenty of soap.

The lines around the neck caused by metallic borders and by rims of black silk can also be removed in this way. But, before working upon them with cold cream, one can try alcohol to take out the deepest of the stains.

of the stains.

The neck in the evening should be powdered delicately, and first, there must be an application of cold cream, after which the powder is dusted into the skin until a pure, smooth, white, even surface is secured.

In making up the neck the powder can be put on rather thick, as it will be ab-sorbed by the moisture of the skin, and, by the time one is dressed, there will be just about a becoming amount left on the surface of the skin.

SINK HOLES IN KANSAS. Mysterious Depressions in the Western Part of the State.

An interesting phenomenon in western Kansas is described and pictured in a recent report of the United States Geological Survey. One of the natural curiosities of the great plains region is known as the Meade salt well, in southwestern Kansas. It made its appearance very suddenly in

On March 3 in that year the famous Jones and Plummer cattle trail extended right over the spot where this depression was soon to appear. A wagon passed along the trail over the level ground. It is not known that this spot was seen again until wenty-three days later, when it was found that the ground for a considerable area had sunk into the earth and the hole was partly filled with water from an underground source.

The cavity was circular and the tracks of wagons and cattle on the trail were still plainly seen on either side of the hole. A considerable area around the hole had been depressed to a smaller extent.

The sink hole remains to-day, and on either side of it are still to be seen the road ruts and cattle trails along which for years scores of thousands of ranch cattle were driven from northern Texas into Kanass.

There were very few routes of travel errors. There were very few routes of travel across this wide plain. But the accident to the surface occurred on the most important of

Those who studied this depression were surprised to find that the water in it was very salt, although the ground water in the eneighboring wells contained not a trace of salt. It was also found that this saline water had at times a high temperature, closely approaching the boiling point.

The geologists as yet have not been able to explain either the saltness or the high

temperature of the water. It was also found that there were two distinct layers of water, the upper layer, three feet thick, being much less salt than the lower layer, which

much less salt than the lower layer, was six feet in depth.

To-day the depression measures 260 feet across the top and 126 feet across the surface of the pond, which is nine feet deep; the distance from the bottom of the water to the level of the plain is 40 feet. A good-sized house might be hid away in the depression.

sized house might be hid away in the depression.

The geologists say that the Meade salt well is only the most striking of the Kansas sink holes, for there are many other depressions of similar nature in the State. Large sections of the high plains which stretch across the western part of Kansas are fairly pitted with large or small saucerlike depressions, sometimes so near together that a stone may be thrown from one to that a stone may be thrown from one to

another.

Many of these sinks are shallow, but others are deep, like the salt well here described. The depressions are so numerous that farmers are talking of utilizing them for the storage of the spring rains, and thus conserving the water that falls and thus conserving the water that falls into them for irrigation purposes. It may be worth while to make them serviceable in this way, for irrigation is all that the

great region needs to make it wonderfully fertile.

We have long known of the countless sink holes in the great cave regions of this country which are formed by water percolating through the limestone rocks, dissolving their mineral particles and thus column through the limestone rocks, dis-solving their mineral particles and thus carrying the rock away in solution. No such explanation, however, can be given of the sink holes of western Kansas. They are still constantly forming and are gradu-ally lowering the surface over large areas, but how they are formed is not yet fully determined. determined.

determined.

The study that has recently been made of them by the Geological Survey seems to show that the settling is due in the smaller cases to the gradual compacting of the soil particles by the percolation of water which collects from rain in particular spots and by the chemical solution and washing away of the more soluble particles which compose the ground.

In the larger sinks which appear suddenly, like the Meade salt well, there seems, however, to have been a caving in of the underlying rock bed, which is thin in places and has probably been decomposed and carried away by the underground waters.

Gouverneur Hospital Dectors Give the

LAST SHOT OF THE WAR. Said to Have Been Fired at Major F. B

Coffin in Texas. From the Chicago Inter Ocean The last man fired upon during the Civil And, if you will study the successful women of the stage, the stage beauties, you will see how they universally hold up the chin.

A plain woman often becomes charming simply by the trick of lifting the head, and a pretty one becomes irresistible. Try holding your chin up as you walk, and note what a difference it will make in your appearance.

To hold the chin up begin by simply tipping the head. Tip it back so far that you cannot see the floor. Practiss walking in this strained position, gradually changing the poise of the head until you get it exactly as it should be, erect, graceful and becoming.

Massage is another step in neck culture. If the throat is baggy the flesh must be massaged away. To do this you must strokes be vigorous, disccurage the little roll of fat and drive it away by a natural reduction method.

If the neck is hollow, you can massage a little skin food into it, and if the throat be dark and creased you can bleach it with a bleaching lotion, after which you can cream it and get it smooth and pretty.

The neck and throat are like wax in one's hands, for one can mould them, removes blemishes and, finally, turn out the com-War lives in Huron, S. D. He is Major Fred

SPORT OF FALCONRY REVIVED

IT IS THE LATEST PASTIME FOR

ced Splendid Exercise for the Woman in Need of Physical Upbuilding-It Takes One Far Afield, and Training the Birds is a Pleasant Occupation--its Vogue in England.

upbuilding, for not only does it take her fer afield, but the training of the hawk demands that much time be spent daily in the open air, as the bird must be carried on the fist for exercise and flown to the For the woman who is suffering from

pastime in the world. A great deal of care training and attention are needed by the yas, as the young bird is called. It must e fed at regular intervals, bathed in the morning, and hooded and put up in the mews at night.

Every day the bird must be "weathered on his block. His feathers must be kept n perfect order. If one should be broken, perfect feather from an old skin must e inserted by means of an imping needle The operation is painless to the hawk and if properly done, the feather is quite as sightly and serviceable as the original

Falconry has been revived in England and not even in mediæval times were there more falcons or hawks in training than at present. About all the American girls who have married Englishmen-Lady Essex, the Duchess of Mariborough and Lady Hesketh, among the number-have established hawking mews.

Falconry is a sport eminently suited to women for many reasons, and it is likely women for many reasons, and it is likely to become popular as it gets more generally known again. It has just that amount of charm and romance about it which at all times is dear to a woman's heart, no matter how sporting and "weathered" she may wish to be thought.

As there are as yet but few trained falcons in this country, and these importations.

As there are as yet but few trained falloons in this country and these importations, training one's own bird is part of the fun Although it requires time and patience, one is quite repaid in the end, as the maiden on falcorry bent will find when, with a well-trained falcon on gauntleted wrist, she joins in the sport in August and Santember.

she joins in the sport in August and September.

When you pay a visit to your friends this summer one of the first things to greet your eyes, perhaps, will be a row of falcons sitting on blocks on the lawn, each block standing in a circular bed of sand. The picture will be a pleasing one of those beautiful and striking-looking birds pluming their feathers, stretching their wings, and watching, with their large, bright eyes, everything that moves in the sky.

The lady of the manor will talk learnedly of eyas, jesses, lure, rufterhood and imping needles, and much of her time will be spent in training her hawks.

The first stage of training a young hawk, or eyas, is to accustom it to the hood, a

or eyas, is to accustom it to the hood, a leather headpiece, which is constantly worn, except when the bird is flown at its quarry or prey. It must then be accustomed to the bells, jessee and leash.

The first two are always kept on the bird, the bells being attached by slips of leather to the legs and a light swizel on the

leather to the legs, and a light swivel on the end of the leash can be hooked in the rings. The leash is a thin strap with a silk cord at one end, a few feet in length.

In due time, after much petting and coaxing with bits of meat, the bird will come

to look on its mistress's or master's fist as a favorite perch. When calling a hawk to the fist, the same cry or whistle must always be given. Of course, the bird is trained to do this unhooded. The next lesson is to teach the eyas to come to the lure, which is a bunch of feathers, with a piece of raw meat in the centre, a short cord being attached to the

s to teach the hawk to wait on. This is raining it to follow its master, when is s on the wing.

To accomplish this the falcon is let loose

in an open space, when it will circle round the falconer, looking for the lure. A pigeon must then be flown, so that the falcon can easily catch it.

Having been put through this several times, the falcon, on being released, will at once rise above the falconer and circle round, looking for quarry. This is waiting on. A well-trained bird, on being cast off, will rise to some height, and then wait on the falconer, from field to field, watching for him to flush to quarry.

The falconer must wear a thick gauntlet glove on the left hand when hawking, in the East falconers always carry a hawk on the right wrist.

There are many technical terms in connection with this fascinating sport. For instance, a hawk is said to be hood-shy when it resists having its hood put on. To man a hawk is to tame it and accustom it to strangers. must then be flown, so that the falcon can

to than a mark to take the and accession to strangers.

Two or more hawks are called a cast. The frame upon which hawks are sometimes carried to the field is a cadge. The height to which a hawk, when waiting for game to be flushed, rises in the air is called its nitch

A hawk is said to bind when it seizes a bird and clings to it. The term is properly only applied to the seizure of large quarry,

only applied to the seizure of large quarry, taken at a height in the air.

A hawk is said to foot well, or to be a good footer, when it is successful in killing. Many hawks are fine flyers, without being good footers. A bird rings when it rises spirally in the air. A hawk plumes a bird when it pulls off its feathers. A bird is said to put in when it saves itself from the falcon by dashing into covert.

In former days, all, both rich and poor, hunted with the falcon. Even those who did not care about the sport themselves kept falcons for the purpose of entertaining the nobility. Gentlemen and ladies rarely appeared in public without falcons on their wrists. They were even taken into church while their masters and mistresses attended divine service. resses attended divine service.

TENNIS AT CORLEARS HOOK.

East Side a Free Show. New York is such a big town that one expects to find a lot of queer things in out-of-the-way places; but all the same it is a bit surprising to see a game of lawn tennis south of Fourteenth street in Manhattan. You will find it any afternoon nowadays in Corlears Hook Park, one of the favorite breathing places of the East

With the advent of lawn tennis to a region where such things are about as little known as the fine points of astronomy, crowds have gone to the park. And "Dutch Louis," the bluecoat who guards the city's interests down there, has got so much into the game that he called out "Forty love" the other night by mistake when he melded pinochle in the usual evening contest.

in the usual evening contest.

The lawn tennis game is run by the doctors at the Gouverneur Hospital. They got together the other day and made up their minds they weren't getting enough outdoor exercise. The committee on ways and means they went sheed and got regrife. tors at the Gouverneur Hospital. They got together the other day and made up their minds they weren't getting enough outdoor exercise. The committee on ways and means then went ahead and got permission from the Park Department to play lawn tennis on the city's grass in the park. The doctors imagined that there might be a few very curious speciators when the game began but they by no means reckoned on the presence of the throngs that have watched the contests there every afternoon since the net was first put up. The speciators came there in droves and there to distraction.

The trouble the police had was in keeping the crowd from trampling all the shrubery and grass of the park to death Ordinarily one policeman is able to preserve order at the park, but ever since tennis has struck the place three bluecoats have been none too many.

The children, who, of course, make up the greater part of the crowd, agree that tennis is a great game.

A SHIRT IN 6 1-2 MINUTES. The Process of Manufacture as It Is Car-

ried On in These Days. In these days when a shirt can be turned out, buttonholes and all, at the rate of one in every six and a half minutes, there is no excuse for not having a second one to your name, and possibly could the heroine of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" look in upon a modern shirt factory she would be even more disconsolate than the poet painted

To satisfy his own curiosity, the reporter

visited a factory and told the superintendent that he would like to start at the beginning and follow a single shirt from the cutter to the finisher. The foreman turned him over to the forewoman, who piloted him safely among 300 machines and as many girls, and eventually let him out into the open air unhurt.
"We will begin here," she said, walking

over to a sixty-foot table. "On this we lay the goods, layer upon layer, after which the marker comes along and marks out the shirts. The second step is to cut these six y-foot strips into squares, each one of which contains a whole shirt, and then they are taken to the cutter's table." And passing to another part of the room

she pointed to a young man who was pulling a slab of cloth around a knife, run by electricity, with all the nonchalance he would have exhibited had it been a pine "How many shirts can you cut at a time?

asked the visitor, seeing the young man sawing away as a pile of goods several "Usually 300. You see that all the dif-ferent parts of the garment, such as col-lar, cuffs, &c., are marked out on that square he is at work on, and when he runs the knife along every line he has cut each

part required, so that it can go direct to the machines."

The cutting was one of the most interest-

ing sights in the factory. In the centre of the table was a long, sharp knife, run at great speed by electricity, and the cutter was sawing through 300 thicknesses of cloth rapidly, but with mathematical precision. In ten hours he can cut 250 dozen, or 3000 shirts or 3,000 shirts.
Selecting half a dozen pieces of black silk, which, she said, were an embryonic shirt, the forewoman descended to the next

floor where the machines were situated.

The first girls into whose hands they pass must be expert seamstresses. No. 1 took them and rapidly fashioned the bosom, after which they were passed to No. 2 who fastened on the collar and sewed in the book.

in the back.

Before the visitor knew what had become it, a third had made the sleeves and a of It, a third had made the sleeves and a fourth was sewing them in the proper places. No. 5 grabbed the shirt and quickly seamed up the sleeves and the two sides of the shirt which, up to this time, had been flying open. No. 6 hemmed the bottom and put in the gussets and then No. 7 finished the cuffs. At this stage, the garment usually goes to the inspector, who looks it over carefully to see that the work is well done, but this being a special case, it was given directly to the button and buttonhole girls. The

latter turns a machine that automati-cally works the buttonhole first and cuts afterward. She makes 16,800 buttonholes a day, or twenty-eight a minute. All the operator has to do at this machine is to place the

has to do at this machine is to place the garment in proper position and the machine works around and when the circuit is complete an automatic knife drops down and cuts the hole.

Equally interesting is the next and last machine, which sews on the buttons. There were seven on this particular shirt and when the last one was in its place the forewoman announced that the garment was finished and asked:

finished and asked:

"How long do you supppose it has taken
to make this shirt?" and then, as she, and not the interested spectator, had been keeping time, replied to her own question, "Just six and a half minutes."

THIERS' NOTES ON THE WAR OF '70

Private Circulation of His Conclusions by His Sister. A few members of the Institute and a limited number of prominent French journalists received the other day a volume entitled "Notes and Recollections of M. Thiers." The book, which is for private sister, who has all his papers and letters. It blots out some popular illusions, judging from the clippings just printed in French papers, which show that the military strength of Germany must not be measured as it has been for over thirty years, by the

war of 1870-71. Here is an extract from the pamphlet: "The great majority of Frenchmen are persuaded that the Prussians beat us because their military organization was

founded on compulsory and universal service. I never shared that opinion. We were beaten, because— "First—We made no preparation for war. Never in any country at any time was a war undertaken with less material to make it. We did not have 250,000 men to put in line. Our artillery was, both in quality and quantity, deplorably inferior to that of the Prussians. Our magazines were empty. Metz, which was to be the pivot of our operations, was not even armed, and, finally, we were without an ally.

"Second—To the inefficiency of our means

of action was added the lack of judgment in our maneuvres. Fifteen days were wasted upon a line of fifty leagues, and no movement was made. The army was divided into five corps, beyond supporting, distance of each other, and its right wing,

distance of each other, and its right wing, placed without support beyond the Vosges, could not fail to be carried, no matter how heroic its resistance might be.

"Third—Even after these blunders, all was not lost, if at the close of the Reichshoffen disaster. Metz had been abandoned, and, painful though it might have been, two or three marches to the rear were made, to avoid the danger of being hemmed in. By remaining on the ground we gave the Germans time to envelop us with 500,000 in. By remaining on the ground we gave the Germans time to envelop us with 500,000 men, and also gave them the chance to take in one sweep all our cadres. that is to say, all the means of re-forming another army. After that disaster the height of incompetence was the march on Sedan, instead of a backward movement on Paris.

"These are the real causes of our disasters, and not the pretended superiority of the Prussian military organization resulting from the application of compulsory service. In reality that system of recruiting, by sacrificing the quality of the soldiers to the number, is a cause of weakness rather than of strength in an army."

THE PAY OF A POET. Letter From the Woman Who Wrote "Cur-

few Must Not Bing To-night." The editor of the Eagle, published in Fremont, Ind., having discovered that Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," once lived where the Eagle office now stands, asked her to write something about her life in Fremont. Her reply shows the discouraging circumstances under which literature is sometimes produced. It also throws an informing light on the price of poetry. Part of ing light o

SOME CASES OF BOGUS BABIES

RECALLED TO A DETECTIVE BY MRS. BEDFORD'S ARREST.

Money Not Always Involved-A Minister Deceived to Prove a Theory-Man and Wife Divorced and Remarried to Save a Name-A Mother's Stratagem.

The arrest in London of Mrs. Gunning S. Bedford on a charge of making a fals entry in the birth register in the St. Pangras district last December by representing herself as the mother of a child, set a retired detective of this city talking abou similar cases.

"Bogus babies," he said, "do not atwainvolve monetary questions alone, although a majority of such cases are based upon expected inheritances. I recall a case where a bogus baby became what it was intended to be.

"An ambitious woman became the wife of a minister. The father was anxious to rear a boy in accordance with his ideas He had a theory which he wanted to prove to himself. His wife was as much interested in his theory as he was. But they had no child.

"After nearly three years the wife presented her husband with a male heir. In this case the physician was an honest man. but before consenting to play his part he laid the whole plan before me. There was no monetary consideration in the case, so far as the child was concerned. I advised him to confer with a lawyer, and it was finally agreed that the doctor would no; be implicated discreditably.

"The child lived; it was reared in ac

cordance with the minister's theory, and I know that he fulfilled the minister's ex-"He never knew the truth of his birth His mother died after having lived to see him become a great and successful preacher. She was a member of his congregation, and when she died he preached her funeral

sermon.

"He had become greatly interested in her, and through his efforts she was cared for as long as she lived. Before her death she attended his wedding, and she was the godmother of his child. It sounds a little stagy, doesn't it? Reads like a novel.

"Another case of which I had some knowledge was that of a middle aged and childless couple who lived in Ohio. The wife had a younger sister, who gave birth to a side have vader of comparance that would

had a younger sister, who gave birth to a girl baby under circumstances that would, had they been known, have shadowed the lives of both.

"The birth occurred at a hospital in Cincinnati. The mother died in childbirth. The aunt of the child took it and went into a new and distant State, where her husband joined her. Before doing so he obtained a divorce from her, and in due time he became the husband for the second time of his fast wife.

of his first wife.

"The people in the new country never knew the truth of that alliance. In that case the husband was not deceived. He and his wife were devoted to the child and the child became a noted beauty in her State. She married a man of prominence, and her name was frequently mentioned in con-nection with State social functions in Wash-

ington. All the parties connected with this case are dead. The min who became the husband of that child died not six months ago.

"There was a singular case a few years ago in Chicago. A young girl became a mother. Her own mather, true to a mother's instinct, went away with her daughter, and in the course of a few months she notified her husband that she was soon to become a mother. A short time after she informed him that he was again a father

and in due time she returned with her heir. Her daughter did not return until some time after.

"These are three cases of which I had knowledge. In each case there seemed to

be no reason why the public should hak known the truth." SAW TERRY KILL BRODERICK. San Francisco Cabby's Story of the Famous Duel.

John Hughes, a San Francisco cahman. is one of the few living men who saw the duel between Judge David S. Terry and 1859, at Lake Merced. He drove two me in his cab to the duelling ground and got \$75 for the job. Here is the story he tells to

the San Francisco Chronicle: "When I arrived at the scene of the due! there the principals were standing, several yards apart, surrounded by their respec-tive groups of friends, of which each had about a dozen present. Everybody looked awfully solemn, nobody was conversing, and the only words you heard were the formal remarks in connection with the proceedings. When I got there the case of pistols was already opened and the guis lay gleaming in the righ sun. It was lay gleaming in the righ sun. It was about 5 o'clock, and you know how strong the sun comes up here on a clear summer

the sun comes up here on a clear summer morning.

"Presently "om Hayes steps up and calls out: 'Now, gentlemen, your time has come.' He was Terry's second and was an experienced duellist, having himself killed a man or two on the field of honor in Texas, from which State he came to California. He was the man that owned Hayes Valley and gave it its name. The principals were searched for arms, and Tom Hayes announced that neither had any weapons on him. Then Tom paced off fifty pagesthat was the number, if I recollect right. Everything was done quickly. Hayes and McCune, who was Broderick's second, now tossed up for choice of position, and tossed up for choice of position, and McCune won. He chose the east position and the sun was thrown straight into Terry's

and the sun was thrown straight into teach.

"Next they tossed for choice of pistals, and again Broderick's second won. The Senator walked over to the opened case and picked up the first gun that came to hand. He spent no time in examining it. Terry used more care in the selection of a wearon, but no time was lost in the a weapon, but no time was lost in the procedure. You never saw a more solome crowd than that which witnessed the dud.

After these preliminaries were arranged we all withdrew to the side, about the distance of half a block, and stood on little bodies, outside the range of the bullets. knolls outside the range of the bullets. It was the soberest, queerst-looking crowd I ever saw, and I guess the most of them felt as I did—that they wished they hadn't come. I have driven at many funerals in my day, but I have never seen the like for solemnity.

the like for solemnity.

"Tom Hayes had told them to take the places marked off for them, and in response to his question each answered promptly that he was ready. There was a wait of a few seconds, and then Tom began calling, one, two, three. There we stood like cowards, breathless, trembling and other repeals and the number of a part of the number of the prompter of the prompte stood like cowards, breatness, trod and overwhelmed at the numberous tacle. Terry was the coolest man is crowd. He stood with his coat cire unbuttoned and his hat thrown jauntily on his head. Broderick, o other hand, had pulled his hat down his ever and had buttoned his coat of his eyes, and had buttoned his coat closely. He appeared to be struggling to control himself, while Terry seemed perfectly as

He appeared to be strugging to himself, while Terry seemed perfectly as ease.

"I shall never forget the sharp, rising tone of Tom Hayes's voice as he called out the three numbers. At the sound of three' both Broderick and Terry freebut I think Broderick was first. His bullestruck the ground about half way between them, and I saw the little cloud of dust it raised. His pistol went of before he had brought it to a level or sighted it. He had a hair-trigger gun, and he wasn't accustanted to it. Terry nimed deliberately, but quickly, and Senator Broderick sank to the ground, first resting on his right hand and then rolling over on his back.

"I heard Terry say to Tom Hayes; hit him two inches too far to the right. The doctor pronounced it a fatal wound and the duel was declared at an end. Sure enough, the doctor said the bullet had passed two inches to the right of the heart, and Terry's remark to Hayes shows how the Judge shot with intent to kill Ferry and his friends at once left the place and Broderick was quickly carried to his carriage and conveyed to the house of his friend he died two weeks later."

Haskell, the woollen manufacturer, when